30.

W A R D's
DOWNFAL:

OR,

The Plot Detected.

A

P O E M.

BEING

A Full and True ACCOUNT of a moſt Horrid, Barbarous, and Bloody PLOT, to undermine the *Hanover* Succeſſion, bring in the *Pretender*, and blow up all true *Proteſtants*.

As it was carrying on between the celebrated Mr. *J---a W-rd*, a L--y of Quality, and a Jeſuit behind the Curtain; had it not been happily diſcovered by one of the *Enlightened* Authors of the *Daily Courant*.

Now Publiſhed as a Warning to all *True Britons*, how they ſuffer themſelves to be deluded by the Treaſonable and Ill-deſigning Cures of any bloody-minded *Papiſt*.

To which is Prefix'd,

A Preface, humbly Inſcribed to the *Couranteer* of *November* 28, 1734.

LONDON:

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9.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE

PREFACE;

Humbly inſcribed *to the* COURANTEER of *November* 28, 1734.

SIR,

I *HAVE often received abundance of Diverſion from the Peruſal of ſeveral of the Miniſterial Papers, but muſt confeſs, never before laughed ſo heartily as at your elaborate Performance of* November 28. *Why, what a fine Diſcovery have you there made? Neither that of the Dog* Harlequin, *or of* Signior Belloni, *come within a Bow-Shot of it. What, did Mr.* W----d *come Expreſs from* France *with his Pills, on purpoſe to pave the Way for bringing in the* Pretender, *and make Converts to Popery, which is High Treaſon, by Act of Parliament? The Devil he did; and is there a Fund ſettled by the* Roman Catholicks *to enable him to carry on this Deſign? And is Lady* G---ge *an Accomplice therein? Why then, I am afraid you will make my Lord Chief Baron guilty, at leaſt, of Miſpriſion of Treaſon, if not of High Treaſon itſelf; for the Advertiſement he was pleaſed to allow to be publiſhed in Mr.* W----d's *Favour. But, to be ſerious, are not you a very ſad Fellow, if not a very malicious-----? The beſt of it is, the Ignorance and Impudence that appears throughout your Paper, are, of themſelves, ſufficient Antidotes to the Poiſon it contains: Why, who the Devil would you attempt to perſuade, that a Gentleman, who was an entire Stranger to you, and who ſeems,*

by

by your Account, a zealous Papiſt, *could be ſuch an arrant Fool, as to make ſuch a Diſcovery to you, which could not poſſibly be otherwiſe than to the Detriment of the Scheme you pretend he is purſuing. For God's Sake, next Time you are pleaſed to romance, let it be within the Bounds of Probability. But the pleaſanteſt Part of the Farce is, your Zeal for the* Proteſtant Religion, *and our Conſtitution, which induced you to make this hopeful Diſcovery.* Wrongheaded Puppy! *Don't all the World know you* Couranteers, *like* Soldiers, *have no Religion but your Pay, and that the Reaſon of your ſcribling this Libel, for which, I hope, you will receive your due Reward, was only becauſe you was low in the Pocket? That is a catching Diſtemper, I muſt own, amongſt us Authors, and, under the Roſe, I have my ſelf often been put to my Shifts, to raiſe a Contribution upon the Bookſellers, when I have been in the ſame Circumſtances; but, nevertheleſs, I never ſuffered my Hunger to prevail ſo far upon me, as, without any Provocation, to aſperſe an innocent Gentleman, and a Lady of Quality, only becauſe they were more charitable than I was diſpoſed to be my ſelf: No, that is a Piece of diabolical Malice that goes beyond my Pitch, and whereof I never knew any one guilty but your ſelf; by this Time, I ſhould expect you to bluſh, if you had any Shame or Grace left; but, as I am pretty ſenſible you have not, I ſhall leave it to my Lady* G----ge, *and Mr.* W----d, *to bring you to Repentance, by the only Means that will work upon ſuch incorrigible and hardened Sinners.*

A. B.

WARD's DOWNFAL:

OR,

The Plot detected.

I.

ALL *Britons*, attend,
And an Ear to me lend,
A horrible Plot I'll diſcover;
Even now made out clear,
By a ſhrewd *Couranteer*,
To ruin the Houſe of *Hanover*.

II.

This Wight moſt diſcerning,
With great Wit and Learning,
Has prov'd that this Plot vile and black,
Would have been brought about,
Had it not been found out
By a *Jeſuit*, *Lady*, and *Quack*.

III.

Theſe join'd in cloſe League,
Hatch'd a helliſh Intrigue,
'Gainſt our Liege the Faith's Royal Defender;
And by curing all People,
Whether *Sick*, *Blind*, or *Cripple*,
Meant to bring in the *Pope* and *Pretender*.

IV.

Each *Jeſuit*, we know,
Is to Us a ſworn Foe;
A *Quack* is an Engine of Hell:
And each *Woman*, we find,
Since *Eve*, is inclin'd
'Gainſt her Sovereign Lord to rebel.

V.

Some Tories, I fear,
May at this Plot ſneer,
And not ſcruple to call me a *Tony*;
But I'll make't as clear out
As thoſe, I don't doubt,
Of *Phil. Neynoe* and Signor *Belloni*.

VI.

Then that theſe ſhould combine
'Gainſt the *Proteſtant* Line,
Will, ſure, not be thought ſo amazing;
When the Dog *Harlequin*
Once a Plotter was ſeen,
And ſent a poor *B--p* a grazing.

VII.

Well, he met with his due,
As I wiſh all may do
In ſuch horrible Plots who're detected;
What then but a Cord
Muſt await my Friend *W----d*
Of the ſame who's ſo juſtly ſuſpected.

VIII.

Tho' I know he'll pretend,
Himſelf to defend,
And think to come off by this Trick;
Alledging that he,
In pure Charity,
Cur'd the *Blind*, the *Lame* and the *Sick*.

IX.

But our Writer ſagacious,
Says this is fallacious,
Nor will allow it his true Reaſon;
And tho' Charity hides
Moſt Offences beſides,
Swears it ne'er ſhall cover *High Treaſon*.

X.

To prove *W-----d* a Traitor,
Mark his exquiſite Satyr,
His Cures he ſwears all are felonious;
Wrought with wicked Deſign,
The State t' undermine,
And pervert us with Doctrines erroneous.

XI.

That the Lady, th' Abettor
Of *W----d* the Arch Traitor,
Of *Babylon*'s Whore is a Type, Sir,
That with Miſchief ſhe's pregnant,
Againſt our King regnant,
And his Highneſs's Noſe means to wipe Sir.

XII.

That the Prieſt, who *perdue*,
Lies to give *W---d* his Cue,
And firſt broach'd this Scheme to beguile us,
Was by *Satan* inſpir'd,
And the *Chevalier* hir'd,
To his Government to reconcile us.

XIII.

That as the helliſh Spright,
As an Angel of Night,
Can appear, when he means to decoy us;
So beneath the Diſguiſe
Of *W---d*'s Charity lies
A moſt damnable Bait to deſtroy us.

XIV.

That the *Lame he* does cure,
That they may not tread ſure,
But may fall the eaſier Prey:
And the *Sick* does reſtore
To infect them the more,
And the *Blind* to lead them aſtray.

XV.

Faith, I pity poor *W---rd*;---
He ne'er dreamt of a Cord,
When his Pills he came here to diſtribute;
He thought Heav'n to merit,
And its Joys to inherit,
But not to go there by a Gibbet.

XVI.

Ye Quacks, then, beware,
And, by him warn'd, take Care
How you try us to trick or ſeduce;
Since that Quack the Great Knight
Claims that as his ſole Right,
And reſerves us All for his own Uſe.

XVII.

What Thanks are there due,
From all *Britons* true,
To this C---teer well affected;
Whoſe unwearied Zeal
For the Common-weal,
This damnabled Plot has detected!

XVIII.

To ſhew my publick Spirit,
For his uncommon Merit,
Tho' ſome ſay he wrote only for *Rhino*,
I wiſh truly that he,
By his Patron may be
Rewarded as well as *Phil Neyno*.

XIX.

FINIS.